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"The Silver Truss is light, clean and
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put on or off; in fact, it is simplicity
itself. Eminent physicians of the United
States, Canada and Europe have
recognized its great value, and the re-
ports from dealers and patients are most
favorable."

LANCET, London,
Eng., 1891.

"The Silver Truss, from its adaptabil-
ity, peculiarity of shape, and mode of
application, adjusts itself to every pos-
ture of the body without displacement,
and is worn with comfort."—From Clinical
Lecture by Richard Davy, F. R. S. E.,
Surgeon to Westminster Hospital.

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gist and Phar-
maceutical
Record.

"The rapid introduction of the Amer-
ican Silver Truss, and subsequent sale
of them with gratifying success by the
druggists, have demonstrated the fulfill-
ment of all claims made for them by the
company. They are, unquestionably,
the neatest, lightest, cleanest and most
easily adjusted truss of any on the mar-
ket, and almost every druggist who has
stocked this truss pronounces it to be
the truss of the future."

The Pharmaceuti-
cal Era.
New York.

"The wearer of a truss is always looking for some-
thing better, and it is, therefore, an easy matter to
command attention when the American Silver Truss is
brought to the notice of a prospective buyer. It is
light and simple, made of one continuous piece of
metal, without nuts, screws or rivets, and can be
formed by the hand to the exact shape of the body,
and when placed in position does not move."

The Medical Epit-
omist.
Indianapolis.

"Dr. J. A. Cominger, Indianapolis, Ind., formerly
Dean of the Medical College of Indiana, and Surgeon-
General of the State of Indiana, who has used this
truss for two years in fully ninety per cent. of his cases,
recommends and endorses it as entirely satisfactory in
more cases than any other appliance he has ever
tested."

Perfect Adjustment and Satisfaction Guaranteed by

H. Alex. Stoke

DIAMOND BIGGINGS.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEFT IN
SOUTH AFRICAN MINES.

But In Spite of All This Stealing Still Con-
tinues—The Decline of the Town of Kim-
berley—Population Has Flown to the
Gold Fields About Johannesburg.

"The South African diamond mines
are worked almost entirely by native
laborers—the Kullirs, Zulus, Hottentots
and the rest," said a diamond merchant.
"These receive good wages, about \$125
per month, and are hired for a term of
three months. During this period they
are confined in compounds located on
the edge of the mines. The compounds
consist of rows of buildings of corrugated
iron, forming a hollow square, surround-
ed by a high board fence and covering
several acres of ground. Within this en-
circuit are stores, a hospital, boarding houses
and other conveniences. Wood and water
are furnished free, but no alcoholic
liquors are allowed. During their term
of service the natives are not allowed
to have any communication with the out-
side world and are under a system of
close personal surveillance in order to
prevent the theft of diamonds. When
they come up from the mine shaft, they
are carefully searched, and many in-
genious methods are adopted to reduce
the loss from this source to a minimum."

"Notwithstanding all that is done,
however, the theft of diamonds still
continues. It is estimated that from 10
to 20 per cent of the diamonds found
are stolen every year. In order to pre-
vent this a very stringent law was pass-
ed, providing that all rough diamonds
should be registered with the detective
bureau of the government as soon as
they were found, and that every man
who sold a diamond must give with it
a certificate of registry."

"The penalty for having an unregis-
tered rough diamond is seven years on
the Cape Town breakwater, and the
mere fact of possession is prima facie
evidence and will secure conviction. So
it happens that if one laborer wants to
do up another he manages to slip a
rough diamond into the other laborer's
coat, or into his room, and then tells
the police to keep a sharp lookout. Of
course the police make a search, the
contraband stone is found, and the man
is in for a term of seven years. A great
many unjust sentences have unques-
tionably been secured in this way, but
despite the opposition to the law the com-
pany is powerful enough to keep it in
force."

"There are other diamond fields out-
side of the Kimberley district, but they
are difficult to work and are mainly ex-
ploited by diggers working on their own
account. The total product is not large,
and the work is very arduous, the dig-
gers being mostly men who have been
thrown out of work by the consolidation
of the Kimberley mines into one vast
corporation and the subsequent restric-
tion of production. This latter, by the
way, has had a curious effect upon the
town of Kimberley itself. As late as
four years ago Kimberley had a popula-
tion of 25,000 or 30,000 people. It was
laid out for a great city and enjoyed for
a time a big boom."

"Fine brick blocks and residences
were built, hotels and theaters and wa-
terworks and everything pertaining to
a modern city. Now a good third of
these places are empty, and Kimberley is
as dead as a New England town that is
dependent upon a single mill. All the
supplies and machinery for the mines
are now bought of course by a single
company, so that more than two-thirds
of the business of the town is gone.
There is nothing there to sustain a town
except the mine, and with the opening
up of the goldfields much of the popula-
tion moved on north to Johannesburg."

"Although the existence of gold in
the Transvaal had been known for years,
yet the Boers disliked the invading
prospectors and for a time kept them
out by law. Afterward a more liberal
spirit prevailed, and the Boer govern-
ment offered reward for the finding of
paying goldfields. But it was not until
1882 that the now celebrated gold bear-
ing reef in which the bulk of South Af-
rican gold is found was discovered, and
it was not until four years later that the
opening of the celebrated Sheba mine
and its phenomenal yield, gave rise to a
fever. Then prospectors poured in from
Kimberley and the Cape, coming by
push cart, wagon, muleback or on foot.
In a year there were 10,000 persons in
the district. The center of the excite-
ment was the little town of Barberton,
but this section was soon thrown into
the shade by the discoveries on the Wit-
watersrand. But while the excitement
lasted the De Knap fields, as they were
known, had their day, and 96 com-
panies, with a nominal capital of \$155,-
000,000, were floated, and many of the
shares sold at a tremendous premium.
Most of these mines are now abandoned,
though the Sheba mine is still a big
producer."—New York Sun.

Too Slow For Us.

There are few things much sadder to
a wide awake American than the second
day of a game of cricket.—Chicago Rec-
ord.

Australia means "south," and the
land now known by that name was for-
merly called New Holland.

The doublet was a close fitting coat
introduced into France from Italy about
1100.

A DROP OF WATER.

The Wonders That May Be Seen Therein
Through a Microscope.

To the ordinary mortal a drop of wa-
ter is what the primrose was to Peter
Bell, a drop of water and nothing more,
but to the student of nature, armed
with a high power microscope, it im-
mediately becomes a world teeming with
living creatures, the most minute rep-
resentatives of animal life. These thoughts
were suggested by reading Professor
Grace's description of a battle he once
witnessed while examining a collection
of rotifers, which were amassed in a
single drop of fresh water. Among oth-
ers, Mr. Grace noticed a fine specimen
of infusorian, which was swimming
back and forth among the rotifers, as if
intent on mischief. On the following
day it was noticed that the rotifer col-
ony had lost several of its members, and
that the infusorian's form had rounded
out until he resembled a miniature St.
Louis bartender. Mr. Grace now re-
solved to watch the infusorian's move-
ments and ascertain if possible the
modus operandi whereby the capture
of such expert swimmers as the
rotifers are known to be effected. A
few minutes' wait sufficed. Soon it
was noticed that the infusorian was
slowly and continuously working his
way around the foot of a rotifer, which
was resting on the glass slide.

Around and around he went as slyly
as a mouse in an oats bin, and when he
had finished it was noticed that the
rotifer's foot was firmly cemented to the
glass. The infusorian, seeming to know
his victim was secure, began to goad
the tethered creature and torment it in
all the ways that devilish ingenuity
could suggest. He would jump upon its
back and bite it in several places with
lightninglike rapidity and then spring
off and seize a leg and pull it almost
from its socket. Mr. Grace says that he
watched this unequal combat for nearly
a half hour, when it was noticed that
the rotifer was dying from exhaustion.
Noting the death of his victim, the in-
fusorian proceeded to devour his prey, as
he doubtless had done the others that
were missing.

Mr. Grace next examined a small
body of water, consisting of four drops,
in which there were several infusoria
and rotifers. The former proved the
enemies of the latter, just as in the
single drop previously examined. It was
also noticed that the infusorian, having
devoured a victim, would almost im-
mediately divide into two or four new ani-
mals, each of which would quickly
swim away in search of prey, just as its
parent had done before.—St. Louis Re-
public.

No "Three Estates of the Realm."

For all practical purposes there were
only two estates in the English parlia-
ment, lords and commons. Thus the
phrase of the three estates, which had a
meaning in France, became meaning-
less in England. For centuries past there
has been no separate estate of the clergy;
some of their highest members
have belonged to the estate of the lords
and the rest to the estate of the com-
mons. Hence has arisen a common but
not unnatural misconception, as old as
the long parliament, as to the meaning
of the three estates.

Men constantly use those words as if
they meant the three elements among
which the legislative power is divided,
king, lords and commons. But an estate
means a rank, an order or class of men,
like the lords, the clergy or the com-
mons. The king is not an estate, be-
cause there is no class or order of kings,
the king being one person alone by him-
self. The proper phrase is the king and
the three estates of the realm. But in
England, as I have already shown, the
phrase is meaningless, as we have, in
truth, two estates only.—E. A. Free-
man's "Growth of the English Consti-
tution."

Samuel J. Tilden's Umbrella.

Abram S. Hewitt, who was a great
friend of Samuel J. Tilden, one day
brought into his office an old cotton um-
brella, with a broken rib or two and a
few holes. It could not have cost over
50 cents. He placed it in the accustomed
corner, beside a fine \$10 silk umbrella
belonging to J. L. Haigh, his partner.
When starting home in the afternoon he
walked off with Haigh's umbrella, leav-
ing his own, which Haigh had to use,
as it was raining hard. On opening the
old cotton affair Haigh noticed a piece
of white tape sewed on the inside near
the top, and on going to a light read,
"Samuel J. Tilden, Gramercy park,
New York." The next day he returned
it to the same corner and said to Mr.
Hewitt, "This is Mr. Tilden's umbrella
you forgot last night." "Oh, yes," said
Hewitt, rising and going after it, "I
am very glad to get it back. Mr. Tilden
is extremely careful about his umbrel-
la." "But where is my silk one?" "That
you took away last night?" Haigh asked.
"Oh, I don't know anything about
that," was the reply, and that was all
the satisfaction that Haigh ever got.—
New York Press.

A Reminder.

"I do not hesitate, Mr. Stalate," she
remarked gently, "to say that you are
a young man of excellent habits, but I
am very much afraid that you would
spend too much of your time away from
home."

"Why do you think so?"
"Because," and she yawned a little,
"you spend so much time away from
home now."—Washington Star.

BISMARCK'S BIG HEAD.

Measurements Showing That the Space For
Brains In It Is Extraordinary.

Bismarck's head, says a correspond-
ent of L'Anthropologie, has been care-
fully measured according to the rules of
anthropometry by the sculptor Schaph
of Berlin, who made the statue of Bis-
marck set up at Cologne. The measure-
ments prove that Bismarck has a head
of extraordinarily large size. Measured
horizontally from the frontal bone to the
occiput the head is 213 millimeters,
or more than 8.35 1/2 inches. The dis-
tance from temple to temple is 170 mil-
limeters, or a trifle over 6.69 inches.
Bismarck's cranium has a capacity of
1,965 cubic centimeters, and his brain
should weigh 1,867 grams.

These figures become especially signifi-
cant when compared with the measure-
ments of other heads. Of 3,600 heads
measured at Baden Baden only one ex-
ceeded 200 millimeters horizontally
from front to back, and that one meas-
ured 200 millimeters, or six millimeters
less than Bismarck's. The mean meas-
urements of 30 members of the Natural
Science society at Carlsruhe were 195
millimeters from front to back by 155
millimeters from temple to temple. The
biggest of these heads measured 205 by
162 millimeters. The cubic measure-
ment of 245 German heads was nearly
500 cubic centimeters under Bismarck's,
while the estimated weight of Bis-
marck's brain is 35 per cent above that
of the average adult European brain. In
fact, Bismarck is a man not only of
blood and iron, but as well of brains.

He Knew Her Perfectly.

The outspoken ways and caustic say-
ings of Dr. Jephson of Leamington, cel-
ebrated in the forties and fifties, have
furnished the kernel of many anecdotes.
One day he was called on by one whom
Brantome would have called "une
grande dame de par la monde," the
Marchioness of—. Having listened to
a description of her malady, the oracle
pronounced judgment:

"An egg and a cup of tea for break-
fast, then walk for two hours; a slice of
cold beef and half a glass of madeira for
luncheon, then walk again for two
hours; fish, except salmon, and a cutlet
or wing of fowl for dinner, with a sin-
gle glass of madeira or claret; to bed at
10 and rise at 6, etc. No carriage exer-
cise, please."

"But, doctor," she exclaimed at last,
thinking he was mistaken in his visitor,
"pray, do you know who I am? Do you
know—ahem!—my position?"
"Perfectly, madame," was the reply.
"I am prescribing for an old woman
with a deranged stomach."—Nineteenth
Century.

The Polton Jack.

From the day he is born to the day of
his death no brush or comb is ever al-
lowed to be used on him, and as, from
the unnatural condition in which he is
kept, he is prevented in a great measure
from shedding his coat the functions of
the skin become suspended, and the ani-
mal gradually assumes year after year
an accumulation of coats, all matted
together with stable filth, till at length
they almost trail on the ground. When
he has assumed this extraordinary and
beastlike appearance, he is pointed to
with no little pride by his owner and is
termed *bonairon*, or sometimes *guenil-
lon*. Such is ignorance and prejudice.
—From "Horses, Asses, Zebras, Mules,"
by W. R. Tegetmeier.

Daulet.

M. Daudet, the eminent French au-
thor, was for a long time an usher in a
second rate school on a pittance which
scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul
together. After a time he grew sick of
this hard and unremunerative kind of
work, and then made his way to Paris,
where he arrived with only a capital of
two shillings and a bundle of poems.
He was fortunate enough to find a pub-
lisher for the latter almost at once, and
it was not very long before he obtained
journalistic employment, which kept
him going until he found novel writing
sufficiently lucrative to provide him
with a living. Now he can command
almost any price he likes to ask for his
books and articles, and must be a very
wealthy man.—Paris Letter.

Bill Nye and Paul M. Potter.

It will be pleasant to learn that Mr.
Potter's next venture is to be in collab-
oration with Bill Nye. They are busy at
work on a comedy, which, with Mr.
Potter's cultured talent for dramatic
construction and his experience in stage
literature, Nye's crude and inexhaustible
humor, his wit and philosophical
turn, ought to be a great go.—Chicago
News.

Sufficient Cause.

"I hear Mrs. Youngwife has doubts
of her husband's sanity?"
"For what reason?"
"He told her she was a better cook
than his mother."—Detroit Free Press.

Heat and the Eyes.

The fact appears that there is a very
marked difference in the way tempera-
ture is borne by the eyes when it is be-
low 2,000 degrees F. and when above
that heat. Up to such a degree a man
can look at the metal in a furnace with
comparative ease, but before it reaches
3,000 degrees he is compelled to wear
colored glasses.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to
be the purest blooded red men in the
country. They neither marry nor give
in marriage outside their own tribe.

WINE OF THE MORNING.

Some would quaff their nectar
From earthen cups of gold,
That like an open flower,
With satin lips unrolled,
Exhales a liquid fragrance
Of luxury untold.

Some would quaff their nectar
From Venus' poppy lips,
The crimson fount of folly,
Where pulsing passion slips,
In drowsy dreams of sweetens,
Through which time thrills and slips.

But I would quaff the nectar
Whose fount is ever free—
Pare zephyrs from the mountain,
Salt breezes from the sea,
All fraught with morning's fervor,
And wild wings' poetry.

Take all earth's exultation!
In every breeze divine,
Its perfume and its purity,
Its rare and fair and free;
The breeze is heaven's blessing,
God's blessing in his wine.
—Mary Berri Chapman.

A PUZZLED PHILOSOPHER.

Why Should He So Greatly Prize the
Things That Are Not?

A philosopher dwelt in a house owned
by Cleon. But one day Cleon came to
the philosopher and said, "Why have
you not sent me the money for last
month's rent?" The philosopher said he
knew of no reason except that he had no
money, having gotten to the bottom of
his purse.

"You will have to move out," said
Cleon, "to make room for a cordwainer
I know who wants this house and has
money."

"Would you, then," said the philoso-
pher, "turn me out when I am so com-
fortable here, having dwelt in this house
30 years?"

"It is my comfort," said Cleon, "and
not yours that I consider."

"Then you prefer a cordwainer, I
conclude, to a philosopher."

"No," said Cleon; "a landlord has
no preference except to prefer rent mon-
ey to no rent money."

So the cordwainer moved into the
philosopher's house, and the philosopher
went to live in the usual hotel of the
cordwainer.

But once there, although contented
enough, because he was a philosopher,
yet he could not avoid the obtrusive
facts of the absence of all those things
which in his former habitation had
grown habitual to him.

This was the first thing that puzzled
him—how that which was not could be
so obtrusive. "What," said he, "can he
so entirely nonexistent as a negation?
And yet here I am confronted with an
obtrusive negation."

"I miss," said he again, "a chest of
drawers, a table, a fireplace and the
scenery from the window where I used
to sit. I wonder if it will be so after we
are driven out from our bodies because
death, the final, inexorable landlady, de-
mands a rental we cannot pay."

In time, however, the philosopher
gradually ceased being oppressed by the
obtrusive memories and grew accus-
tomed to new associations.

"I wonder," said he, "if it will be
so when we are immortals—after death
as first painful regrets for what we have
lost, and in the end nothing of the old
but faint memories and a new set of as-
sociations. I wonder always and won-
der more if philosophy will ever be any-
thing better than clever wondering
about the wonderful."—Chicago Open
Court.

An Early Betrothal.

In the early days of California the
daughters of the Lugos were sought in
marriage by the best families of the
state. It was a boast that they were
even courted in the cradle, as when the
young officer, Colonel Ignacio Vallejo,
being in San Luis Obispo on the occa-
sion of the birth of a daughter to the
Lugos, asked her father for the hand of
the day old baby, provided when the
time came to fulfill the contract the
senorita should be willing. This seem-
ingly absurd betrothal took place. The
child grew up to be an intelligent as
well as attractive young woman, mar-
ried her betrothed and became the
mother of many children, among them
Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.—Overland
Monthly.

Gratitude.

Gratitude is a short cut to sincere and
lasting friendship. Some people com-
plain that they have no friends. Have
they never had a favor done to them?
Why, every man has had a score of fa-
vors done him every day of his life!
Those who bear it in mind, who say a
word of hearty thanks, who watch a
chance to do a favor in return, never
lack friends.

An Easy Mark.

"May I ask what you have?" re-
quested the tenderfoot politely.
"Ace high," said Alkali Ike grimly.
"Oh, dear me. And I've only got
three kings. Seems to me I never have
any luck at poker."
"Taint all luck, mister. It's experi-
ence. You'll 'arn arter awhile."—New
York Recorder.

Business.

Tailor—I have called after my ac-
count, Dr. A.
Debtor—Here is the money, but I
have deducted 5 shillings because you
have come in my consultation hour.—
London Tit-Bits.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee.
It cures incipient consumption. It is the
best cough cure. Only one cent a dose,
25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by J. C.
King & Co.